¶ Here begynneth a Contemplacyon or medytacyon of the shedynge of the blood of our lorde Jhesu Cryste at seuen tymes.

A meditacon for sunday.

We ought oftentymes to remembre deuoutly many & greuous paynes that our lorde Jhesu Cryst suffred for our redempcyon / that our loue may be the more feruent to hym And we seynge his grete loue and kyndenes / may for his loue pacyently suffre tribulacyons & dyseases in this worlde / leste we for our vnkyndenes be cast from his face in to euerlastynge payne. ¶ Amonge his greuous paynes he shedde his precyous blood for our loue. vij. tymes the whiche sholde ofter be consydered of vs. But whan we shall consyder his paynes or whan we shall praye / yf we wyll haue comfortable felynge of deuocyon in our soule. At the begynnynge of our prayer or contemplacyon we must withdrawe our mynde & wyttes fro all outwarde thynges & besynes as moche as we may. And thynke on that thynge that our contemplacyon or prayer is of. As yf thou wolte deuoutly remembre his circūcysyon / thou mayst thynke as yf thou myght se afore the our blessyd lorde Jhesus in his childhode / that is to saye a fayre lytell babe a meke & a swete lāme so clene / so pure / so pleysaūt to beholde & loke on his blessyd vysage / so amyable his fauourable pey

so full of grace his Innocent handes & feet/so pre
cy & louesome/so fayre & whyte very god & may
borne of a virgyne pure. And thay haue pyte & cō
passyon in thy herte þ so fayre & fauourable a ba
be/so swete & blessyd Innocent þ neuer dyde amyl
se/sholde suffre so greuous payne as he suffred for
the. whan his tendre flesshe was cutte with a knyf
made of stone whan he was but .viij. dayes olde.
Take hede how pyteously he wepeth in his mods
armes for anguysshe & payne/and wepe with hym
yf þ can. For thou art the cause of his weppynge/
for he suffred gyltles suche paynes for the loue of
the/& so whyle the mater is freshe in thy mynde/
thou mayst begynne thy deuocyon.

For monday.

The seconde tyme that our lorde & sauyour
cryste Jhesus shedde his precyous blood for
vs/was in the mount of Olyuete/where he seyn
ge his tedyous and horryble paynes of his bytter
passyon drawynge nere/for grete anguysshe & pay
ne swette water & blood. Here mayst þ thynke as
thou sawest hym knelynge on the grounde holdyn
ge vp his holy handes/lyftynge vp his face to he
uen with the mooste pyteous chere & rufull conte
nauce that þ canst ymagyne. Thynke as þ sawe
verely his eyen swollen & reed for weppynge/& all
his face chaūged with a merueylous contenauce
of heuynes. And thynke as thou sawest & herdest
hym sobbe wepe & syghe full heuyly/& how mour

tyngly he prayeth to ꝑ fader of heuen/how plen-
tefully he wepeth to the fader of heuen/how thyc-
ke the teeres ranne downe by his chekes / how he
wypeth his eyen & face wasshed w̄ teeres/how his
body is wete of it/as it were all bathed with swe-
te & blood and water Thou mayst well thynke he
suffred greuous payne Inwarde/that swette out-
warde on his body water & blood. And the paynes
of his passyon were greuous lych the thynkynge
therof caused hym to swete blood & water. For the
whiche payne desyre ꝑ as hertly as thou can to we
pe with hym / for ꝑ arte the cause of his greuous
payne. And whyle ꝑ hast this freshe in thy myn-
de laye thy deuocyon.

For tuysday.

The thyrde tyme our sauyour shedy his pre
cyous blood for vs/ was whan he was bou̇
de to a pylar & w̄ sharpe scourges was cruelly be-
ten. Here mayst thou thynke as ꝑ sawe hym verely
afore the naked bou̇dey to a pyler/ & how cruelly
& fyersly the curlyd tyraūtes pyncheth or smyteth
hym without mercy w̄ whyppes & roddes/so that
no hole skynne is lefte vpon hym. Thynke as ꝑ
sawest the stremes of his precyous blood rennyng
downe in euery syde after the greuous & smarte
lasshes of the whyppes/ & that ꝑ sest the bare and
naked bones/the fleshe rente fro the bones with
many & fell strokes of the knotted scourges dyed
with his precyous blood. Thynke also that thou.

herest hym grone/quake & tremble for angupsshe & woũderfull payne/how pyteously he casteth his loke towarde heuen/& that with the strokes of the scourges a parte of his blessyd flesshe or a drope of his precyous blood falleth or droppeth on thy face or on thy clothes/this payne suffred he for loue of the / therfore ꝑ ought to haue more pyte on hym. And with as good deuocyon as ꝑ can/lyfte thy herte & mynde to hym/& saye thy prayer.

Wednesday.

The fourth tyme our blessyd lorde shedy his precyous blood for our redempcyon / was as he was crowned w̃ a garlonde of sharpe thornes. Here mayst thou thynke/as yf ꝑ sesse hym sytynge afore the his handes boũde behynde hym/& the boystyous tyraũtes settynge a greuous garlonde of sharpe thornes on his hed / & prestynge hit downe w̃ so grete vyolence/that the sharpe thornes perced in to his brayne. Take hede & beholde his vnfull and heuy contenaũce/how pyteously he shrynketh his necke in to his sholders for the grete angupsshe of ꝑ grece & horryble payne / & how pyteously he groneth for greue of ꝑ horryble payne/how pyteously the stremes of blood renneth about his hed that is to tome in euery syde. Beholde his blessyd vysage ꝑ somtyme was so pleysaũt so gracyous/so amyable is now made so red w̃ blood/& all dysfygured w̃ sorowe & heupnes / his eeres & his nose be stopped with blood. Beholde &

w̃ ffrance

lee how pacyentely he that was god & man & is/ suffred to be scornefully mocked with rybawdes & caytyues/& his blessyd face to be foyled with theyr lothsome spyttynge/and all for the loue of man/ therfore may ought to haue therof grete cõpassyon

for trinitie

The fyfth tyme our sauyour shedde his pre cyous blood for vs/was whan his clothes were taken fro hym after his scourgynge. Here ỹ mayst thynke as thou seest hym as afore w a full heuy contenaũce gronynge pyteously with many a depe & profoũde syghe comynge from his herte rote. And the tyraũtes pullynge fresshly of his clo thes ỹ clyued fast w drye blood to his tendre body for in pullynge awaye his clothes the shynne & ỹ flesshe rent fro his body ỹ clyued so fast to his clo thes with drye blood / by the whiche he was all to rente/all to raggyd/& all to torne & strempd all w blood/and so he bledde newe agayne. I trowe this payne was more greuous to hym than his scour/ gynge. Remembre how he shynketh trembleth & quaketh/& stoupeth lowe downe in all his body in pullynge of his clothes for the bytter angupssh of that greuous payne. Beholde how rewfully he is arayed lyke no man but more lyke a thynge ỹ were newe slayne without ony shynne/yf thou canst not remembre the angupssh of this payne / thou mayst pynche thy fynger or some other parte of thy body/ỹ by the felynge of thyn owne lytell pay/

and be not wery
for to pricke ꝑ upon
the tyme ꝑ pou art
pe cause of hyt in
tollerable peyne.

ne thou mayst the better remēbre the grete payne,
that he suffred for the whiche ꝑ were cause of.

On the fryday.

The sixth tyme that our lorde shedy his pre
cyous blood/was whan his blessyd & Inno
cente handes & feet were nayled to the crosse. Here
mayst thou thynke as yf thou seest hym/the fyers
cruell tyrauntes & tormentours of our mercyfull
lorde hale & pulle his blessyd armes/some the one
& some the other/so sore/that it may seme to the
that ꝑ herest his Joyntes to cracke & the senewes
to braste in sondre. Than mayst ꝑ thynke that ꝑ
seest hym dryue ꝑ is dryuer of the grete nayles in
to his holy & swete handes & feet/ and that ꝑ be-
holdest the dryuer of the nayles & seest hym wout
ony rute or pyte smyte in euery nayle with many
myghty strokes/& ꝑ ꝑ seest the blood sprynge out
at euery stroke/than seest our lorde shrynke & qua
ke for hydeous payne & smartynge of his tendre
flesshe newe cutte at euery stroke. This may thou
thynke fyrst on ꝑ one hande & after on that other
& also on the feet. Than thou mayst beholde with
ruthe & compassyon how pyteously & how greuous
& hydeous payne they spoyled his clothes/his flesh
she all to rente & to torne hangeth bledynge on ꝑ
crosse/hauynge no thynge as I suppose to susteyn
ne the weyght of his body ne to rest hym vpon but
the harde nayles fixed within his tendre flesshe/
this was to hym a double payne/the whiche were

to hym bothe greuous & harde to suffre the grete
akynges & anguysshes bothe in his armes & hand-
des & feet Any other payne of sore smartynge in his
handes & feet oppressyd harde w̄ the nayles fixed
in the quycke flesshe. Bothe this paynes horryble
were causyd by the weyght of his precyous body.
Beholdynge also the ryuers of blood flowynge
out of his handes & feet. Thou mayst thynke al-
so þ his lymes quake & tremble for payne/& that
for werynes & anguysshe of his Intollerable pay-
ne he somtyme shaketh his heed rufully & heuely/
somtyme casteth it vpon his ryght sholder/somty
me vpon his lefte sholder/& somtyme lyfteth it vp
full pyteously as a man swownynge & half deed/
leteth it falle downe to his brefte. Thou mayst þ
beholde the dolefull contenaunce of his face/how
pale it is. And þ mayst thynke þ amonge all thyse
paynes & sorowes he lyfteth vp his eyen & loketh
vpon the in tokey of loue. As who sayth I loue the
so moche þ I wylfully suffre this payne for the/&
am redy to suffre more yf it be put to me. And þ þ
sholdest remembre what he hath done for the.

On saturday.

The .vij. tyme that our mercyfull sauyour
shedy his precyous blood for vs/was whan
he hanged on the crosse & was smytey in to the sy-
de w̄ a spere. Here mayst thou thynke as yf þ seest
the body of our mercyfull lorde after þ he for our
trespas hath suffred pacyently many outrage and

and be not wery
fyre to pruche ꝑ apon
the tyme ꝑ pon art
pe cause of hyt in
tollerable peyne.

ne thou mayst the better remēbre the grete payne
that he suffred for the whiche ꝑ were cause of.

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cyous blood/was whan his blessyd & Inno
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that ꝑ herest his Joyntes to cracke & the senewes
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seest hym dryue ꝑ is dryuer of the grete nayles in
to his holy & swete handes & feet/ and that ꝑ be-
holdest the dryuer of the nayles & seest hym wout
ony rute or pyte smyte in euery nayle with many
myghty strokes/& ꝑ ꝑ seest the blood sprynge out
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ruthe & compassyon how pyteously & how greuous
& hydeous payne they spoyled his clothes/his flesh
she all to rente & to torne hangeth bledynge on ꝑ
crosse/haupnge no thynge as I suppose to sustey-
ne the weyght of his body ne to rest hym vpon but
the harde nayles fixed within his tendre flesshe/
this was to hym a double payne/the whiche were

to hym bothe greuous & harde to suffre the grete
shynges & anguyssshes bothe in his armes & hand-
des & fete Any other payne of sore smartynge in his
handes & fete oppressyd harde w̄ the nayles fixed
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were causyd by the weyght of his precyous body.
Beholdynge also the ryuers of blood flowynge
out of his handes & fete. Thou mayst thynke al-
so þ his lym̄es quake & tremble for payne/ & that
for werynes & anguyssshe of his Intollerable pay-
ne he somtyme shaketh his heed rufully & heuely/
somtyme casteth it vpon his ryght sholder/ somty-
me vpon his lefte sholder/ & somtyme lyfteth it vp
full pyteously as a man swownynge & half deed/
leteth it falle downe to his brefte. Thou mayst þ
beholde the dolefull contenaunce of his face/ how
pale it is. And þ mayst thynke þ amonge all thyse
paynes & sorowes he lyfteth vp his eyen & loketh
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so moche þ I wylfully suffre this payne for the/ &
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On saturday.

The .vij. tyme that our mercyfull sauyour
shedy his precyous blood for vs/ was whan
he hanged on the crosse & was smytten in to the sy-
de w̄ a spere. Here mayst thou thynke as yf þ seest
the body of our mercyfull lorde after þ he for our
trespas hath suffred pacyently many outrage and

excedynge paynes hynge dced vpon the crolle all
pale & wanne or lyke to be a beest newely slayne/
for he spared not his owne blood/ but gaue it wyl-
fully for our redempcyon. After þ þ hast with pyt-
te & compassyon beholdey well how pyteously his
vysage somtyme mooste bewteous & amyable han
geth Inclyned downe all wanne & pale of colour
his precyous body/ also þ excedeth all other in bew
te & fayrenes hangeth all to rente & tome. Thou
mayst beholde how þ spere renneth thrugh his sy-
de w̄ grete vyolence & renneth thrugh his herte/ &
thou mayst thynke how þ herde the sowne of the
cruell strok̄e entrynge in to his syde/ & þ thou sest
blood & water þ was redy to renne hastely out to
wasshe awaye thy sythe & make the clene/ flowed
out at the terryble wo\u0304de of his syde/ & ranne par
te downe on the spere & parte downe on his syde.
O swete Jesu how pacyently how meekely suffrest
þ so vnkyndly to be entreated/ so cruelly tormen-
ted/ so rufully arayed for the loue of may. O ten-
der & mercyfull lorde that after þ þ hast spent thy
blood of thy body to deth / woldest after thy deth
for the loue of thy seruaū t spende all the precyous
blood of thy body & herte. After yt pyte & compas-
syon wolde suffre the þ mayst loke in at the wo\u0304-
de of his syde & beholde how his herte þ was free
& kynde to the is renney/ tome & smytey thorugh
with the spere. And w̄ deuoute prayer & compassy
on desyre þ he suffre thy loue neuer to departe fro

hym / but that thou mayst be redy for the loue of hym pacyently to suffre payne & aduersyte of this wretched worlde / for he suffred gyltles mekely & paeyently moche payne & anguysshe for ꝯ loue of the. By cause the deuoute memorye of the bytter passyon of our sauyour expelleth temptacyon & excyteth many tymes the deuocyon of the true louer of our lorde. Thou mayst thynke & ymagyne on that our mercyfull redemer complayneth & not wꝫ out a cause / for the grete Iniury & vnkyndenes of the Jewes / & sayth to them in this wyse. O ye myn owne / how may ye fynde in your hertes so vncur/ teously to entreate me / sythen I haue chosen you be/ fore other / & brought you fro straunge nacyons & put you in my delectable vyneyarde. I haue create & made you lyke vnto my self / & ye haue labou/ red to destroye me / & haue cauled me gyltles to be put to shamfull deth vpon the crosse lyke a theef or a manslear. I chase & preferred you before peo ple of other nacyons / & ye haue done to me grete vylony & made me obiecyon & derysyon of people And I by many myracles in correccõn of your ad/ uersaryes of Egypte loled you from captyuyte & brought you out of theyr subiecyon. And by fals accusacyons & cruelynge & sterynge of the people agaynst me / hath cauled me without trespas to be nayled & fastened to a tree / and gyltles to deye. I mynystred to you lyght whan it was derke / ꝯ ye myght escape sauely the daũger of your aduersa/

tyes/& ye came agaynst me with lyghte of lanter-
nes swerdes & staues as I were a theef/to take me
& put me in many dyuerse paynes & dyspyteous
deth. I fedde & nourysshed you .xl. yere in wylder
nesse w̄ delycate manna/& for you cauled water
to renne out of the harde stone. And ye cauled me
to be fedde w̄ bytter aysell & galle / & cauled the
blood & water to renne out of my syde. I gaue to
you lawes by Moyses accordynge to reason / & ye
haue cauled me ayenst reason without trespas to
be condempned to cruell deth. I by correccyon of
your aduersaryes ledde you in to the londe of pro-
myssyon/& put you in to my swete & delectable vy-
neyarde/where ofttey I gaue you ꝑ victory of your
enemyes. And ye not satysfyed w̄ derysyon & moc-
kynge me w̄ many greuous & cruell paynes that
I haue suffred/to lede me to torne & all to rent w̄
strokes to put me vpon the crosse. I haue exalted
you aboue all other people/& ye haue mocked me
& cauled me to be punysshed w̄ synners & trespa-
sours/what thynge haue I done vnto you/or what
vnkyndnes haue ye foūde in me ꝑ ye entreate me
so vngently/haue not ye foūde me mercyfull and
gracyous to you in your nedes. I haue chosen you
& ye haue refused me. I haue brought you forth &
nourysshed you as my childern/& ye haue despysed
me. O how vnryghtuous & vnkynde thyse rewar-
des be/to rewarde euell for good/shame & vylony
for worshyp & good & dygnyte/malyce & enmyte

for fauour & frendshyp / trouble & vexacyon for peale & tranquylyte / greuous & bytter payne w̄ aduersyte for pleysure & prosperyte / cruell & shamefull deth for prosperous lyfe.

After ye hast w̄ deuocion beholde our blessyd sauyour & consydred well his cruell outrageous payne / torne thy thay towarde his sorowful moder / & beholde well her heuy chere & sorowfull contenaūce / & see how pytyously the teres renne out of her gracyous eyen & dystayne her bewteous vysage / how dolefully she sobbed / how pyteously she wryngeth her hondes w̄ many sorowfull sighynge comynge fro her herte replete w̄ sorowe & heuynes / how she falleth often in swownynge her tender herte lyke to be brast for pyte & compassyon of her childe ye was & is very god & man / how she somtyme amonge her swownynge & greuous paynes w̄ contenaūce dysconsolate / casteth vp her eyen for pyte & loue vpon her swete sone & blessyd childe / & anone for pyte & moderly cōpassyon she fyll downe in swownynge in more greuous payne and sorowe than she was before.

O good lady mod̄ of pyte no meruell though ye were heuy & sorowfull to see thy blessyd & mercyfull sone suffre gyltles so many greuous paynes.

O blessyd lady the moder of mercy how full of sorowe & anguysshe was thy herte / to see thy blessyd sone his heed persyshed w̄ sharpe thornes that.

thou were wonte to lappe full tenderly.

¶ O louely lady quene of heuen & example of ho-neste/how heuy was thy chere & contenaūce to see the fauourable face of thy blessyd childe that was and is very god & man foyled with the spyttynge of ryba wdes and caytyues.

¶ O swete lady the floure of chastyte/how depe & how sorowfull were thy syghyngs to see offred bytter aysell and galle to thy childe to drynke / to whome thou were wonte to gyue swete virgynes mylke of thy blessyd breste.

¶ O gracyous lady the perfyght myrrour of ver tue & goodnes / how full of sorowe were thy sob-bynge to beholde the Innocent handes & feet of thy blessyd childe that neuer dyde trespas nayled harde to a tree/the whiche thou were wont to dres se and wasshe reuerently.

¶ O benygne lady welle of mercy & grace/how co ppously dyde thyn eyen shedde out floodes of byt-ter teeres/whan thou beheldest the blood flowyn-ge out of the hendes and feet of thy dere sone/the whiche thou were wonte to lappe & swadell full moderly.

¶ O glorious lady ꝑ tree of lyf/how ferefull we re thy swownynges & how pytefull were thy wryn-gynges of thy blessyd handes/whan ꝑ beheldest the blessyd fruyte of thy body all to tome & rent/han-gynge dred vpon the crosse that ꝑ haddest brought forth & nourysshed tenderly vpon thy lappe.

O mercyfull lady the moder of pyte & compal syon/how greuous was thy pyteous & tender herte wouñded w̄ the sworde of sorowe & compassyon/to see a spere to ryue his syde/þ had cholon to dwelle within thy blessyd sydes/ & made his holy tabernacle not ferre from thy herte.

O blessyd lady I knowe well þ þ sholdest haue dyed before hym or w̄ hym yf þ haddest not had stedfast byleue & hope that he sholde ryse agayne. Herre þ mayst applye thy self to sorowe & mourne with thy carefull & heuy lady/for it belemeth not well þ so glo' ous & so vertuous a lady wasshe her face w̄ teres/& thou a haytyf & a synner departe a synner w̄ drye eyen syth he suffred thyse paynes for loue of the/it is not accordynge þ so noble and prudent a lady sobbe/syghe & swowne for thy lordes deth/& thou that art subiecte lyke an vnkynde seruaũt/leue hym without pyte or cõpassyon/syth he dyed for the loue of the.

After this þ mayst ymagyne & thynke that what tyme the body of our lorde & blessyd sauyour is take downe from the crosse/our blessyd lady halseth her towarde hit w̄ heuy chere/& embraseth hy̆ in her armes & gyueth sorofull syghynges medled with bytter teres/ & þ she beholdynge his body & blody wouñdes wepeth so pyteously/þ þ sangwyne teres medled with his precyous blood renne downe on the deed body in mournynge & so

rowynge the pyteous deth of her dere sone/sayth to hym in this wyse. A my dere sone my lorde & louerayne/my socoure & comforte/my Joy & my pleysure/& my felycyte/thy sharpe tormentes & Innocent deth perceth my herte wt sorowe & heuynes & woūdeth it greuously. O ye vnkynde & harde herted people/how myght ye for pyte punysshe hym that neuer offended/how ye myght fynde in your hertes to bete your louerayne mayster that taught you the waye of vertue/how coude ye for pyte slee your commynge surgyne the whiche helyd by myracles the blynde/deef/and lame/why wolde ye slee your wyle physycyen þ gaue lyff to the dede. O ye vnkynde scourges nayles spere and thornes/how durste ye perse the flesshe of your maker & lorde. O thou stronge & sturdy tree/for vnkyndnes also I may accuse the/why dydest thou not leue & put away thy naturall styfnes & bowe thy braūches to fauour & cale my dere sone all wery ed wt sore payne & tormentes.

¶ O how fortunat be ye chast virgyns childerles and honest wyues & wydowes also/ þ haue your childern to comforte you & gladde you in your sorowe & dyseale. But alas for sorowe & pyte my blessyd sone þ was my Joye & comforte þ neuer dyde offende/lyeth before my face slayne causeles/& I haue no mo. ¶ O holy angell Gabryell þ salu ted me with wordes of grete Joye & gladnes/but now my Joye & gladnes bey torned in to grete so/

rowe & heuynes. Thou laydest I sholde conceyue & brynge forth the lone of god / & ꝑ his kyngdom and regne sholde euer endure / but beholde now & see the blessyd fruyte that I conceyued thrugh thy wordes cruelly slayne. Thou called me full of grace & sayd / our lorde was with me / but see now how harde grace I fynde in the vnkynde people ꝑ hath taken my lorde fro me / & put hym to shamfull deth. Thou callest me also blessyd in thy salutacyon / but how may I be blessyd syth my dere sone my lorde / my Joye and my blysse is reste fro me w̄ vnkynde people & robbed of his lyf. Behold de colyn Elysabeth how rufully he is arayed / at whose presence thy sone Johñ Joyed in thy wombe. ¶ O myn owne dere sone at thy natyuyte holy angels songe songes of peace / myrth & melody And now agayne thy deth the vngentyll people made a noyse of grete trouble / sorowe & heuynes / cryenge with malycyous voyces. Crucyfye hym / without ruthe or pyte. At thy byrthe also kynges of ferre cōtrees assembled togyder & ledde by the lyght of a sterre / dyde to the moche worshyp & reuerence / & now thyn owne neyghbours blynde w̄ hatefull malyce haue gadred them agaynst the w̄ dysceyte and fallenes to condempne the to deth. ¶ O ryghtwys Symeon / see how he is vnryghtfully slayne whom ꝑ delyrest sore to see or ꝑ sholdest deye. Now fele I the sore strobe of the sharpe sworde of sorowe & heuynes ꝑ thou laydest sholde

chryll my herte. Beholde blessyd Baptyst how pyteously ꝑ meke douue is put to deth on whome ꝑ sawest the holy ghost descende whan ꝑ ꝑ baptyssest hym in flom Jordan. Beholde how that Immaculate lambe lyeth Innocently slayne that ꝑ laydest/ sholde take awaye synne & wyckednes. ¶ O dere sone/how shall I cesse of sorowe/there is no remedy but oonly in the/therfore blessyd childe syth I am thy moder haue pyte & compassyon on me/ & other tome to lyue agayne or take my lyfe fro me for my sorowe swete sone I se none other remedy.

Ora ad ordines angelor.

¶ The holy order of angels I beseche you to helpe me/that glorious angell ꝑ is my keper & counseyll be in my keppynge as ꝑ thynkest most profytable to my soule & to present my prayer before ꝑ throne of the glorious trynyte. And I thanke the blessyd angell whiche art my keper to kepe me ꝑ I may euerlastyngly loue the & thanke the in the heuenly Lyte.

¶ The seconde order of angels I beseche you ꝑ I may haue by your prayers & helpe reuelacyon frō the trynyte of suche thynges as ye wolde I sholde do his pleysure / and with assystence of his grace to do them.

¶ The thyrde order of pryncypates I beseche you so to helpe the prelats & prynces in gouernynge of the people ꝑ they may lyue in rest/& truely serue theyr lorde god / & that at the houre of deth ye be present to delyuer our soules from daunger of the

deuyll / and brynge vs to the endeles Joye of the celestyall paradyse.

¶ The fourth order of potestates I beleche you to repelle my ghostly enmyes / þ they neuer preuayle to hurte me bodyly ne ghostly / & to delyuer me fro the fals cautels by the whiche they entende the destruccyon of my soule.

¶ The fyfth order of vertues I beleche you for to praye þ I may haue strength in body & soule to execute the werkes of þ vertue / & that my memory & reason may be more apte to receyue & vnderstande by your helpe & prayer. Also the gyftes of nature be made more parfyte to the vse & vertue and to the pleysure of my lorde god.

¶ The .vi. order of domynacyon I beleche you þ by your helpe & prayer þ my soule may haue parfyte domynacyon vpon my body / to rule hit accordynge to reason & to the wyll of my lorde god / & that I may haue victory in temptacyon of myn enemy / & parfyte pacyence in all tribulacyons.

¶ The .vij. order of thrones I beleche you þ by your helpe & prayer I may execute the werkes of mercy the whiche perteyned to the ryghtwysnesse of god & of my neyghbour / & at the houre of deth whan I shall receyue Jugement for the dedes of my lyf / that by the merytes of you I may fynde my lorde god my mercyfull Juge.

¶ The .viij. ord of cherubyn I beleche you pray my lorde god þ I may haue the gyfte of wysdome

to knowe the goodnes of my lorde god & kyndnes the whiche he hath shewed me. And to knowe tho thynges whiche be to his pleysure & that I may do them/& tho thynges that be to his dyspleysure that I may haue grace to fele them.

¶ The .ix. order of seraphyns I beseche you to pray for me that I may haue the gyfte of feruent loue in my lorde god/& the swetnes of deuocyon in his seruyce with holy medytacyon/that my soule be enflammed with loue of the glorious trynyte/and endles Joye of his moost blessyd presence. Amen.

¶ Here endeth a medytacyon of the .vij. shedyngs of the blood of our lorde Jhesu cryste. Enprynted at Westmynster by Wynkyn de worde.

Sythe so thym be thought: Inwardely & ought.
how hard it yt to flyt: ffrom bed vnto pyll.
ffro pyt vnto paynt: That end shall last trayne.

He wold not do on hymself alle y wedle to wynne.

Ipse te custodiat: qui cuncta gubernat.